

EVEN THE LOWLIEST OF SAINTS

feeling sick
for a few
days

nothing serious
but still she
couldn't do

the things
she normally
does

we couldn't make
love
that was out

and this
she felt bad
about

so bad that
she insisted
upon at least

kissing my penis
this helped her
to feel close

to our lovemaking
life
i didn't resist

even the lowliest
of saints
was always kind

to the sick

LOST

during the
night a gentle
sound next

to the bed
the sound of
what

i cannot tell
so i flick
the light

on and
discover fallen
petals

large ones from
the peonies
picked

just this
afternoon
but so old now

that even in
the fresh cold
water

they cannot
hold themselves
together

anymore
forming a
ring

around the
vase
of

exquisite
pinkness
lost